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OCTOBER, 1918

NO. 10

Life and Light for Woman

SHALL we withdraw our army of missionaries from the field because the war is raging in Europe? or shall we send it reinforcements? Shall we practice a more severe economy and straiten our army's equipment for service? or shall we practice a more glorious self-sacrifice and make its equipment more efficient? Shall we exalt and glorify our Saviour? or shall we allow Him to be put in the shade? Shall we endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ? or shall we take to the fields of indulgence and allow the cross of the living God to be outshone by the army of the world? Which shall it be?

—Dr. J. H. JOWETT.

**Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON**

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EDITH DAVID, UDUVIL, CEYLON

Surrounded by Village Women, whom she is Leading along the Way of Life
Mrs. David in white—center. Assistant Bible Woman on her right.

See A Trail-Maker in Ceylon.

Life and Light

Vol. XLVIII.

October, 1918

No. 10

Building the Soul of Nations

By Caroline H. Adam

“**T**HE kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.” So runs a line of the Hallelujah Chorus and so it sings in Handel’s divine setting. “Is become.” Let us try to drop the scales from our eyes and see the kingdom of this world as it is,—the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. We see the Christ nations, almost all of them, and others not calling themselves by His name, in the mightiest struggle the world has known. A struggle for what? Not for food or drink, or greed of gain or power, but a struggle for the supremacy of the spiritual in man. Are not the goals of the struggle impalpable goals? Has not the kingdom of this world learned that the things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal? Not since Christ came have the things of the spirit been so real to so many everyday men and women. And because they are real, we citizens of this one Christian nation, to single it out from many, are pouring out with utter lavishness all that we have and are. Cutting our own supply of food to less than normal, we have gladly fed peoples across the seas; we are holding back nothing of the cost if our money can help the sick or restore the wounded or put cheer into any distracted life. No price at the inn is too large to pay for our neighbor. With open palms we are saying: “Take and use. Ours is only our own to make it yours.” We stand ready to repair in any small or large degree the ravages of war from which we ourselves have not suffered. More than this, we are building again the soul of nations.

A pined piper has been among us. He has blown his pipe and has piped away the children. They have gone gladly and manfully by the million. Not to the piper’s cave in the hillside,—no,—they have gone to offer their lives, if need be, as saviors of the world,—

for how can a world be saved without the giving of life? It is no summer-day excursion they are making as they sail away. In these days enormous sacrifices appear ordinary, almost trivial. Never has Christianity shone with so effulgent a radiance. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." The world has not gone mad in following its Christ of the wine-press. It is a steady world that toils and gives and fights and serves and sleeps only to rise to another day of toil and work and worship. So it will go on. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

With all the glory of these days around us, some of us women look ahead with fear in our hearts, lest our vision fail to see those workers and fighters who stand in solitary places. They stand in Asia Minor and in India and in remote parts. They are not in armies, not always in bands,—they are sometimes alone. They need what the armies in France need,—food and supplies and help for the needy. They, too, are giving their lives as saviors of the world. They do not appear in headlines of newspapers, and so in the splendid onrush of our enthusiasm we pass them by. We provide for France, we forget Asia Minor. We forget Mary Graffam and Olive Vaughan, each alone in her field, the only human being who there stands between thousands of suffering mortals and death. We forget Madura and its hospital not yet quite paid for. These are but samples. We let slip the people and the objects we really love. We have so far forgotten such brave souls that we have not yet given even one-half of the extra \$35,000 needed for the work of the Board this year. \$35,000 is a small sum nowadays. It is *all* needed before October 18. Let us not think of it in terms of exchange or expense but in terms of life to-day. Shall we provide for our soldiers on the battle-line, or shall they suffer and fall while we are absorbed? If, reader, you feel these things to be true, will you not forthwith send what you can send to the Board, which will act as your agent? Do not put it off, but, as the advertisements say, cut the coupon and send it to-day. Send a small gift or a large one. Can you not make the largest gift you have

ever made, as is the fashion of the world to-day? The Woman's Board needs every one of its enthusiastic supporters in this crisis. Our missionaries need every friend they have.

The fourth Liberty Loan is here. It is possible to kill two birds with one stone and serve both our servants, the armies of the nation and the armies of the church. Our duty and pleasure to both can go hand in hand. Why not buy bonds and give some of them to the Woman's Board? A word to the wise is sufficient.

So much for the present. But what for years to come? Shall we enter upon another year this autumn not knowing whether enthusiasm is to falter or to grow? Must gifts depend on enthusiasm? Are we to call home some of our soldiers and frankly admit we cannot or will not support them? This is not a question which should be settled by a few women representatives of the Board in Boston. This concerns every member of the Board in all its Branches and auxiliaries. We must face retreat or we must face increased munitions. Which shall it be? Because of the situation made so conspicuous this year the Executive Committee of the Board has called special conferences during September and October in as many of the Branches as possible at which the treasury responsibilities and outlook may be explained, questioned and talked about. Special deputations from the Board of Directors will so far as possible attend each Branch Conference. These Conferences will not be for raising money. After the problems have been thoroughly discussed in the Branches they will be brought up at the annual meeting in Syracuse for further discussion and decision, with the hope that plans may be adopted for bringing to the Board in increased volume gifts of the rank and file of our church women. Seeing the things of the spirit as real, we would hold back nothing from the support of the forces of the kingdom of our Lord. It costs much? Yes, we know it costs, but we know that if these forces are to win, you and I must not fail in our part, and the price will not make us falter.

The conquering Christ is the suffering Christ. Never have so many willing souls been ready to share His burdens. Never have so many put themselves under His load. We must take care lest in our efforts to lift we let down the corner which is ours to uphold and so be found wanting.

Editorials

Word has been received of the serious illness of Dr. George C. Raynolds of Van, Turkey, lately arrived from Erivan, *via* Siberia and Peking. Dr. Barton in his recent trip to the Coast visited him in the Swedish Hospital at Seattle, and found this old soldier of the Cross, though far spent, eagerly asking, "And what do you want me to do next, Dr. Barton?" Later advices speak of returning strength with a good hope of recovery.

**Personal
Notes.**

The 109th annual meeting of the American Board will be held in the Centre Congregational Church at Hartford, Conn., October 22-25. With characteristic hospitality the Hartford Committee has invited not only missionaries and Corporate Members but all Congregational ministers and wives of Connecticut home missionary pastors to share the good things of the meeting.

**American Board
Annual Meeting.**

Dr. H. P. Dewey of Minneapolis will preach the sermon; President E. C. Moore, Dr. S. P. Cadman and Dr. William Horace Day will give addresses; Mr. Po Ling Chang, the eloquent Chinese leader, will be present; and more than thirty missionaries from all over the world will give thrilling experiences of missions in war-time. A meeting of the Woman's Boards will be held Thursday, October 24, at four o'clock, in the South Church. Mrs. C. H. Daniels will preside.

The fourth leaflet in the Boarding School Series will be ready in early October. It is the story of our Colegio Internacional in Barcelona, Spain, written by Miss Clara Winifred Newcomb of New London, Conn., who has recently returned from a three years' term of service in the school. Sent free on application to Miss Hartshorn.

**Material for
Programs.**

Many inquiries have been received as to whether the Woman's Board of Missions would have outlines for programs to accompany Women Workers of the Orient. In the interest of conservation it has been deemed wise not to prepare such outlines for

1918-1919, but to recommend a wider use of Mrs. Montgomery's admirable suggestions as found in *How To Use*, now ready and to be obtained on application to Miss Hartshorn. Price ten cents. Miss Mary L. Daniels, the Board's librarian, has, however, prepared simple suggestions for each chapter, and these will be printed from month to month in *LIFE AND LIGHT*. Those for the first chapter, "Within the Home," appeared in the September number. Fuller outlines and additional material may be secured from Miss Daniels or may be found at the Library, Room 508.

In these days when Red Cross work is rightfully absorbing so much of the time of the women of our churches, it will be well to circulate freely a little leaflet just issued by our Board, by permission of the Presbyterian Woman's Board of New York. It is a story by Mrs. B. A. Thaxter of Portland, Ore., reprinted from *Woman's Work*. Send for *Red Cross or Missionary Work: Which?* and use it at your opening fall meeting. It will make a good "starter" and will answer some of the questions which are perplexing our missionary leaders.

The first of several articles taking up phases of Christian Work for Oriental Women will be found in this issue, "A Trail-maker of Ceylon." Note frontispiece which accompanies the article. In November we shall print a very interesting account of "Women and Industrial Problems in China" by Miss Martha Wiley of Foochow. Stories of women workers in other lands will follow.

The first meeting of the season will be held October 4 in Pilgrim Hall at 10.30 o'clock. The speakers will be Mrs. Otis Cary of Kyoto, who will bring to us the present conditions in
Friday Japan, our Asiatic ally; Rev. Enoch F. Bell, recently
Meeting. returned from deputation work in the Far East, who will tell us of work in the Philippines; and Miss Mary L. Daniels, who will give practical suggestions on "Making Missionary Programs in War-Time."

Miss Isabelle Phelps, who has just returned to her work in Paotingfu, China, sends us this appeal in behalf of the day schools of her field:—

It was a wonderful day for Jennie when she was given a beautiful two-hundred-dollar violin, for she loved music with all her heart. A glad day it was also for her parents and friends, for they loved to listen to the melodies that followed the sweep of her bow over the rich-toned instrument. Jennie and her violin were always associated together in the minds of her friends, for she was generous in using her musical skill for the enjoyment of others. She was too earnest a Christian to be self-centered, and she delighted in making others happy. Her sympathies reached also far beyond her own immediate circle. In the mission study class she learned of conditions in North China, and her heart longed to be able to help the poor ignorant girls there.

**The Story of
a Violin.**

But when she was still in her youth Christ's call came to her, sounding more clearly every day, summoning to service close by his own side. A few hours before her spirit went to answer that call, she lay, in extreme weakness, softly picking exquisite harmonies upon her beloved violin, and suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I do so love my violin!" They were the last words she spoke before joining the heavenly choir, where we cannot doubt that her music is even sweeter than it was on earth.

The violin has since been mute. It seemed too sacred for other hands than hers to touch. But more and more, as her mother has thought of Jennie's interest in North China, there has come a desire to use this violin to fulfil Jennie's desire to help Christ's work among Chinese girls. Do any of you who read these lines desire to purchase a violin for yourself, or do you know some one who needs a violin? If it could be sold to one who would appreciate its beautiful past, Jennie's mother would be very glad to have the violin sing again and to send its purchase price overseas, that answering songs of joy may rise in the hearts of the Chinese girls whom Jennie loved while on earth and now loves in Heaven.

Our Books Close October 18th.

You, the friend who reads this, are the Person—if you are really able to respond to our pressing invitation. The Woman's Board invites. It invites you to join with others who are making us gifts for our work before the last sheet turns over and the covers draw together upon one book of receipts.

Such a year we have never known. The Branches have tried valiantly to keep pace with the increased cost of carrying our missionaries and all their splendid plants. The missionary war-chest needs a topping off.

Will you help, dear friend, quickly before the covers go together, October 18? Will you be one of one hundred to give \$25, or of fifty to give \$50, or of twenty-five to give \$100?

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS FROM AUGUST 1-31, 1918

	For Regular Work			For Buildings	Extra Gifts for 1917 and 1918	For Special Objects	From Legacies	TOTAL
	Branches	Other Sources	TOTAL					
1917	\$3,259.21	\$1.00	\$3,260.21	\$1,114.78	—	\$160.00	\$1,800.00	\$6,334.99
1918	3,671.45	190.00	3,861.45	800.00	—	300.20	—	4,961.65
Gain	\$412.24	\$189.00	601.24			\$140.20		
Loss				\$314.78			\$1,800.00	\$1,373.34

OCTOBER 18, 1917, TO AUGUST 31, 1918

1917	\$96,893.13	\$4,542.87	\$101,436.00	\$53,635.05	\$4,308.31	\$2,048.92	\$16,745.18	\$178,173.46
1918	109,471.82	9,300.02	118,771.84	23,475.83	16,509.38	2,968.66	12,767.85	174,493.56
Gain	\$12,578.69	\$4,757.15	\$17,335.84		\$12,201.07	\$919.74		
Loss				\$30,159.22			\$3,977.33	\$3,679.90

Don't Fail to Get Your Gift In.

A Trail-Maker in Ceylon

This sketch of Edith David, Bible Woman, by Miss Lulu C. Bookwalter, principal of Uduvil Seminary, is the first in a series of articles which will appear in *Life and Light*, accompanying the text-book *Women Workers of The Orient*.—The Editor.

HE made her way from her little home down through the narrow sandy lanes bounded by tall palm-leaf hedges to the big white church at the crossroads. A little white-haired old lady she was, dressed in a modest white rabakai and saree, with no jewelry but the ear-rings and necklace. Arriving at the church, she walked in, placed her umbrella at the door and slowly made her way down the side aisle to the section where the women were. Laying her Bible on the bench, she dropped to her knees upon the plastered floor and, with head erect and eyes closed, prayed.

When one goes to the Orient, all dark faces look alike. Gradually as features and personalities become more distinct we come to pick out first the most striking persons, and later each stands out with his own individuality. It was not long after I went to Uduvil that I noticed this little old lady. As regularly as the Sunday came, she walked up to the seat in the church where Miss Howland and the other missionary ladies from Uduvil and Inuvil sit, dropped to her knees in front of her seat, prayed, rose up and sat down, adjusted her silver-rimmed glasses, put her feet on the rung of the seat in front, opened her Bible and commenced to read. She read the Psalms with the rest of us, helping us to find our places, sang the songs and took part in all the service.

When Pastor Eliatomby held forth in lengthy and heated dissertation, like the prophets of old calling us away from our sins, she listened, and yes—sometimes nodded. And why shouldn't she nod? I felt like it myself, but three hundred girls watched me, and the little girls on the front seats—little wrigglers—must feel my eyes ever upon them. But the sun is hot outside—the air heavy, the palm and banana trees wave their leaves lazily, and the jagged leaf of the breadfruit tree growing just outside thrusts its branches across the near-by window to protect us from the

brightness. And still the pastor preaches on, and, as I cannot readily understand him, my mind wanders perhaps back home to the family. My eye travels, too, and the little old lady comes across my vision.

The ear-rings in her ears fascinate me as they swing back and forth when she nods. Her ears were punched after the old fashion, with large holes, so the lobes hang down to some length. The fashion now permits only small holes in the ears, and one small round gold ear-ring with a jewel in the center in each ear. This little old lady had several in each ear. They were made of a queer color of gold, an odd oblong shape made after a pattern no one in this new benighted world could dream of.

After the church service was over she met us at the door, shook hands with all of us and talked with Miss Howland in that queer sounding language—Tamil—a language which flows apparently so freely and smoothly from the native tongue and from the missionary long in the Island, but which is ever a source of worry and agony to the “newly come.”

“Who is this little old lady?” I asked Miss Howland.

“Why,” she replied, “she is Edith David, the oldest living Bible woman in our Mission, who has been supported for so long by the Old Colony Branch of the Woman’s Board of Missions. I hardly know the time when old Edith hasn’t been going to the Manipay district visiting the women. She has been so faithful. Sometimes on account of sickness or because of helping to look after her large family of children and grandchildren, she has had to give up visiting for short periods, but she has taken it up again, and with now one woman now another as companion has gone out on her work.”

And I feel very humble beside her, for who am I but a young inexperienced missionary come out here to tell others how to live! Have I ever been as faithful to duty as old Edith? Have I ever led with such simplicity others away from sin and to Christ? Have I ever counted for as much as she in my home community, so that others instinctively turned to me for help? I cannot help but answer, “No,” and with real humility wonder whether after all there is much that I can do out here. But not so in old Edith’s

mind. She pats my hand, looks into my face and smiles as if to say:—

“That’s all right, my dear. You are young and all is strange to you, but we are glad you have come. You will do good in so many ways, and the girls will come to Christ through you. Perhaps when you are as old as I, you will know my people better and can understand their hearts as I do.”

A Bible woman’s life is a continual benediction to those whom she touches. Sometimes alone—more often two by two—they go out into the villages, visiting the different homes and gathering together groups of women to teach—sometimes in reading, sometimes in sewing, sometimes in basket weaving. Most prominent of all is the Bible teaching, the teaching of the stories of the Bible; the Psalms, the singing of the native lyrics. There is always a talk—a personal friendly plea to the women to try to live better lives, to try to keep from quarrels and vicious gossip, to try to be truthful and honest, to try to live for something better and bring up their children to be better men and women. It is surprising to find how little conscious the low caste women especially are of any sin in themselves. Feeling no need for improvement, they have few aspirations. It appalls one when talking to them to find this the truth. So sin must be pointed out to them as sin and a desire to become better by God’s help must be awakened in them. How patient the Bible woman must be, and how discouraging it is at times when for months no apparent results are evident! We feel, though the women do not always become Christians, the wonderful seed is nevertheless sown, and they are better for the help and on a higher plane than they were before.

The Bible woman goes also to the better class of Hindu women. Perhaps there is in her district a former student of Uduvil or Uduppiddy Girls’ School who was deeply touched while in school but resisted because of her family. The Bible woman understands the young woman’s position and while helping her to be a better woman may finally bring her to Christ. Or there may be here in this village a girl who is a Christian but who is finding it hard—oh, so hard—to remain a Christian while away from Christian influences and surrounded by Hindu relatives. They have taken

away her Bible and do not allow her to attend church. The Bible woman keeps in touch with her, visiting her in her home, encouraging her, and proving to her that the Christians have not forgotten her and that she must be true to the promise she made when baptized and taken into the church.

The hospitals—especially the McLeod Hospital for women and children at Inuvil—give a wonderful opportunity for Bible woman's work. It is the custom in India and Ceylon for several members of the family to stay in the hospital with the sick relative. These persons are therefore free at some hour of the day to listen to the Bible woman's talks, prayers, and reading of the Bible as she sits on the veranda among them. And when the patient is recovering from her illness and is grateful to the Christian doctor and nurses for their ministrations, she is peculiarly susceptible to the words of the Bible woman as she points her to Christ, the great Healer of the body and heart.

For the last four years a special evangelistic campaign has been conducted each year in South India and North Ceylon. These churches are united into what is called The South India United Church. All the churches in our Jaffna district are in this union, and the word "Congregational" is never heard. The campaign in Jaffna begins in August with a large meeting to which Christians and Hindus go. The Bible women are always there. Following this each district is organized into bands of workers, meetings are held in the small villages and the homes of some friendly women and afterward personal work is done. With the Bible women go the Christian women of the churches and the girls from Uduvil and Uduppiddy to help in the singing and perhaps play the violin. The fact that a Bible woman has been there before and opened up the way is a great help.

At the time of the Hindu festivals the Bible woman doubles her efforts in the villages as she meets greater opposition. She tries to dissuade the Hindu women from going to the temple and measuring their length around the temple in the dust. "For what will you gain by it? Will you be a better woman? Do you think God will be better pleased? Christ did not teach us to do such things. Idols of stone and wood know nothing." On the days when the

gods and goddesses visit each other in the temples and the processions pass up and down the streets, when the feast of lights, the Hindu New Year, and the celebration of some god's birthday comes, she shows them the folly of it all. She tries to convince them that the rubbing on the forehead of the Hindu sacred ashes (made from cow dung) will avail them nothing. God looks upon the heart, not upon the outward marks.

Thus Edith David spends many of her days. Can you not see her as she goes about from village to village and house to house shedding a blessing upon the families in their homes? In her own home village she is a bulwark to all. Is there any trouble? "Tell Edith about it." Or, "Surely Edith David will hear I am in trouble and will come to me."

Two years ago one of the girls in the Uduvil Girls' School lost her sister who had married a Hindu. In order to keep the dowry which the sister had brought to the marriage within the family, the relatives wanted this girl to marry her Hindu brother-in-law. But Meenachy Chellathurai was a Christian and she could not do this. She came to us for protection and we gave her some sewing to do, as she had finished her schooling. She was happy with us, and some time after, hearing nothing further, we thought the trouble had blown over.

One night, when a relative came saying Meenachy's mother was very seriously ill and asked her to come home, we told her she could go. But Edith David, knowing all that takes place in her village, as all Orientals do (one cannot live in secret in India or Ceylon), met Meenachy in a lane in the evening as she was going home, told her that her mother was not sick, and preparations were being made for her marriage to the Hindu brother-in-law. Meenachy was taken into Edith's home for the night and the next morning brought back safe and sound to the school.

And thus a Bible woman's life may be novel and varied. Old Edith shows in her eyes a shrewd knowledge of her people, but above this and first of all one sees the heart of love and service for those about her. Surely such a woman, this spiritual mother, will be numbered with the saints. (See Frontispiece.)

Seventy Little Josephs

By Carolyn D. Smiley, Ahmednagar, India

YOU are well acquainted with Joseph and his coat of many colors in the Bible? Out here in India I have seventy little girls with that name. Let me tell you all about them and then you will understand how they came by their Biblical name. They have pretty, dark-brown skins, which go well with dark eyes, and jet black hair oiled down so neatly



A Lesson in Marathi

Miss Smiley—Mrs. Jelak—Miss Picken

you would think each one had been lapped by a cat. Some have pig-tails, others have short hair, and a few have no hair at all—they may have had the measles, and custom in India says measles and hair are not congenial.

Come into the compound any time and see the variety in color.

Frocks patched with pink, blue, red and green,—oh, so many frocks patched with made-in-America but sent-to-India new pieces of cloth. The children take great delight speculating as to what color they will draw, and the more striking the color the happier the child. As I looked at the age of some of the garments, I could not help thinking of the warning, "Never put a new patch in an old garment," but what could I do? Only wish for more pieces! Every Saturday morning the sewing-bee takes



At Breakfast in Ahmednagar

place. The teachers supervise their own groups. Once sewed up, my Josephs scatter, happy as can be in their coats of many colors.

What time do you get up in the morning? These children begin their day at half-past five. Cleaning, sweeping, washing dishes, these are all done by seven o'clock, then prayers and breakfast. Do they sit at tables and eat with knives and forks? Just look at the picture and you will see them seated on the stone floor, brass plates in front of each. Fingers take the place of silver. Why not? That is the custom in India. Indian etiquette says,

"Eat with the right hand only; do not soil the fingers above the middle knuckles." I will show you some day how they do it.

"There goes the school bell! Hurry up, get into line." Now the matron inspects each child. There is Sonu wearing a dirty blouse, back she goes to change it. Malan is not properly buttoned up. Out of the line she comes. From all appearances, Tara's hair has not been touched since last night—"Naughty Tara, go and comb it. Ready? Forward, march!"

At one-thirty, home from school! Immediately they eat, grind the wheat for their next day's meal, then bathe. We hope that some day the last item will not be so distasteful.

Then comes sewing and lace-making. Many of these little girls can make real lace. Can you? They also make men's shirts, frocks, buttons and patchwork. We have a quilt ready to sell.

Five o'clock at last—play-hour. "Be careful. Not more than two at a time on each end of that see-saw. Do not swing too high in those rope swings. Take turns with that jump-rope." Yes, these children love to play and we have a teacher with them to show them how.

Six o'clock, dinner! What do they eat? A flat, dark-colored unleavened bread, and curry. Simple, is it not? Perhaps you would not like it, but they do. Dinner over, study hour, prayers, and then bed. No, they do not kiss each member of the family good-night,—remember, they are here in a boarding-school. They do not even kiss each other. It is not the custom. They do not climb the stairs and crawl in between sheets all ready to receive tired children. Many of them never saw sheets and pillow-cases. Well, what is going to bed in India? Very simple! They remove their frocks, wrap themselves in a blanket and lie down on a mat. The teachers and the matron sleep with them. Look down the veranda any night; you will see in a row seventy silent figures in dreamland. The same loving Father that you have watches over them.

"The sending of missionaries into our eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast," was what the British East India Company said at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

"In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined," was what the English Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal said at the close of the nineteenth century.—*Friends' Missionary Advocate*.

At Wen An

RELIEF WORK FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

By Margaret Ann Smith

This article supplements Miss Reed's admirable account of the Wen An situation which appeared in September *Life and Light*. Please note change of name of Tungchou to Tunghsien—*The Editor*.

“THE breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast”—only the rocks were the bricks of Wen An’s crumbling wall and the waves were only high enough to make the long narrow gang plank very shaky. I grabbed my bags and down I scuttled, and was surprised at the calmness with which the Chinese women “also ran.”



Helpers for Wen An with Miss Reed

The trip to Wen An from Peking with Miss Reed and five Bible women was full of new experiences for me—the night at Tientsin in a Chinese inn (of which the less said the better), my first steam-boat ride up a Chinese river with its dyke and towpath on either side and its sloops with monstrous sails, and,

after a night in the pleasant rooms of our church compound at Su Chia Ch'iao, “The Bridge of the House of Su,” a day’s ride on one of those sloops,—sailing when the breeze was favorable, and propelled by the poles of four husky farmers when it wasn’t (the water was five feet deep), till in the gray of a cloudy afternoon our sloop bumped the shore before Wen An’s south gate.

All day long we had been passing the island villages with their crumbling walls, and now we were to get acquainted with many of these villagers cared for in the Wen An refuges. I shall never forget a Sunday morning scene at Refuge 1. The big gong that once called heathen priests to pray to their images of gilded mud sum-

moned a happy throng of women and children. Reed mats were spread in the shade of the wide-eaved temple. On the temple steps sat a young Chinese, a theological student from Peking. He played snatches of tunes on a long, wooden pipe. The children grew quiet, and the mothers with their babies listened, too. Later, as a Bible woman preached to them, that same pipe was used to keep the boys in order!

Miss Reed has told you how the Flood Relief Organization has grown from the day when Mr. Stelle and a few students sailed down to help, to the present day with its band of over a hundred workers, its central committee in Peking, of many societies, its colonization scheme which is taking families to the highlands of Mongolia, its bands on dyke work and road work, and its refuge industries of spinning, weaving cloth and mats, braiding straw for hats, making rope, nets and hammocks. She has told you how the people have been gathered in and fed and gradually clothed, of how God has enabled us to fill those hands that grasped our wrists and heartstrings too.



Approaching Wen An's South Gate

And what could one do who had been but a year and a few months in China? Well, I helped a little with the giving out of clothes, and the measuring of the better rice for the babies and sick people, but most of my day was spent in teaching reading, teaching physical drill, playing games with the refuge girls and telling the story of Jesus in the many homes and yards that freely welcomed us.

The summer sun of Christian kindness has melted the cold, indifferent hearts of the Wen An people. Their mud gods are mostly washed away. "Yes, we believe in the Ancient Honorable Heavenly One—so He is your God—Jesus? No, we never heard of Him, but tell us who He is."

In the cool of a Sunday evening Miss Reed and I walked on the wall. A group of women and children came up to look at us, so we all sat down on the low parapet and chatted. The waves lapped below, the birds circled about; on the city side of the wall we looked down on patches of waving wheat and sprouting rice, and Miss Reed told them of the God who made all things well. Down in the narrow, dirty street a group of idle women grew in numbers to see us as we came by. "A congregation all ready for us," and Miss Reed had a sermon ready. We had just got back to our little room in the church compound when there was a knock at the gate. "We were lonesome for you," said several of the women to whom Miss Reed had just finished talking. So benches were brought and a written text was given out and taught. These women wanted nothing of us but to know more of us and our God. Won't you pray that we may have a large harvest in Wen An?

I saw them first in our church compound where they had been waiting all day, waiting their turn for the monthly sum of \$3, their share of the money sent by the wage-earner at work on the Tunghsien road, a half-dozen dirty, ill-clad, untidy women. I thought they must be tired, so I went out to talk with them. "Do you know who Jesus is?" "How could we? No one ever told us." "Well," I said, "if you will let me come to your house to-morrow, I'll tell you." They took me home with them so that I would know the spot, and the next day I went to Lakeside, and took the picture of Christ on the Cross. I called it "Lakeside" because their homes

are on a bank that juts out into a pond left by the flood within the city wall.

Every day after my morning lesson at Refuge 3 I went to this breezy spot and the children have learned to sing "Chih Yu I Wei Chen Shen"—"There is only One True God"—and to repeat sev-



The Farmer Skipper

eral Bible verses. Five girls and twice as many children and women crowded into a tiny room afterward and listened as I sat on the k'ang with the girls and taught them to read "Sheng Tao Ch'u Chieh"—"First Steps in the Holy Word." Very dirty, and very ignorant, but quick to learn, quick in their gratitude, the Lakeside folk won a big place in my heart.

May is over and I am back to study in lovely Tunghsien, a green paradise compared with dirty, ill-smelling Wen An; but I sometimes get lonesome for the folk there and the loyal Bible women and students. I see again those eager groups gazing with wondering eyes upon the picture of the Christ who died for them, and in many homes it bore its message of love. The refuge work in Wen An and surrounding villages must probably be carried on all winter; a band of college boys and girls have volunteered their services for the summer. My heart goes too, but study hours are necessary for me, and so I can only pray—and won't you, too?—that God's Spirit may in His own good way bring to fruition the seed He has sown.



Mindanao Minarets

By Secretary Enoch F. Bell

MINARETS are places whence the call to prayer is sounded. Mindanao, our youngest and least developed mission, has many. Indeed, this "Empire Island" of the Philippines is in itself one mighty minaret. Large in size, large in natural resources, large in promise, socially, politically and religiously, it looms up before us as an urgent object of prayer and devotion. We do not have to be Mohammedans to mind this minaret. As Christians, and as the Congregational unit to which has been assigned this field, we should be driven to our knees at the call from Mindanao. But the particular minarets I have in mind are peoples rather than places. I mean the Mohammedan Moros, the "pagan" Highlanders, the "Christian" Filipinos. Each cries out day and night for our prayer—and for the light and might of the Saviour.

Those Moros,—how they do stir the man who loves to fight against heavy odds and to achieve the impossible! The first to be feared by the Filipino, the last to be subdued by the American, the keenest, the most admirable, the best fighting race perhaps in all the Islands, the Moro presents the open hand to the American friend as to no other. Industrial and agricultural schools, the homes and hearts of honest teachers from America, yes, even the open story of the life and teaching of the historic Jesus, their prophet,—these suggest some of the avenues of assistance. In some ways their minds are more open to the American missionary message than those of their Moslem brothers in Turkey. So let us remember these Mohammedan minarets, the Moros. Why not some day soon establish at Lake Lanao in the uplands among the most progressive Moros a school which, besides serving a colony of *mestizo* children of American parentage, shall give Moro boys and girls a sound American education under the finest kind of auspices? Why not also plan for a medical work there of far-reaching effect? I can see now that Moro woman in our hospital at Davao who having been stabbed by a soldier for refusing to be

unfaithful to her husband was brought to the American missionary surgeon as the only hope. The miracle was performed, she was saved to her family and people; and I like to think that the tale she is telling is not one merely of surgical skill, a soft bed, and untiring attention, but also of American friendliness and of a better type of Christian than she had ever supposed existed. I like to believe that never again will she look upon these "infidels" with quite the same suspicion and prejudice, not in quite the same old-time ignorance. I like to feel, too, that her family has seen light,—her husband who stood guard at her bedside so many hours, and her old mother who used to try to kiss the hand of the doctor as he passed in to the sick room. We must do more for the Moros in these practical ways that reveal so much heart.



Calagan House with Group of Children

But to pass on to the "pagan" minarets,—the Bagobos and Mandayans in the Davao district, the Subanos near the west coast, and the Bukidnons in the north, not to speak of other so-called wild tribes of Mindanao. What the Scotch Highlanders have been to Britain, these hill men are capable of being to the Philippines. Strong, straight-limbed, deep-chested, they physically show promise; born and bred in the open, they possess a natural

ruggedness of mind that ought some day to prove an invigorating contribution to the mentality of the nation,—and as for their morals, it is said that in family life particularly they put to shame the “Christian.”

It is such minarets of promise that throw out an attractive appeal of peculiar power. We must give them schools of all grades and for both sexes; for manual, industrial and agricultural training as well as the general Christian culture. The women and homes of those Highlanders cry out for sympathy—as much as they do for plain everyday housekeeping sense. That little sobbing Bagobo bride whom I saw in the gloom of old Tongkaling’s hut clinging to her Christian husband somehow touched my sympathies. How she needed a good Christian American mother around just then! Indeed there is room for a lot of mothering among the Highlanders of Mindanao.

Last, but first to be responded to, is the Filipino minaret. There is the controlling element of the Island. Whether mixed with Spanish, Chinese or American blood, or whether plain pure Visayan, the Filipino is the man who at present holds the reins. Found everywhere along the coasts, in the rich pockets up the ravines, on the big river plains, he forms the big bulk of the population of the cities and towns, controls trade, shapes politics, creates the grades of society, and literally dominates the life of the island. These Visayan Filipinos are all nominally Christian, having been stamped at birth with the Romanist impress. Many of them are doubtless devoted Catholics, performing their rites with punctiliousness. Almost all of them are exceedingly attractive in dress, in looks, in manners, and their hospitality can well put us to shame. Music is second nature to them. In general intelligence they far outrank most peoples in the East. One must give the Catholic Church credit for much of the æsthetic and for much of the enlightenment found to-day in the *illustrado* and other high classes of the Filipinos. We must remember, too, that what Christian civilization has been absorbed by these Visayans during the past four hundred years has come from the priests and friars of Europe. Nevertheless a Roman Catholic of Boston visiting Mindanao would have to confess to an appalling lack somewhere.

The church is supposed to set people free from superstition and sin and to develop in liberty a love for the Christian standards of character and life. But how many of the Filipino women of Mindanao are yet unfettered in faith, how many are free from strangling superstition? How many of their children are growing up with warped ideas of right and wrong, with degrading thoughts, and with helpless wills? How many with inert consciences? How many boys can be found who think it wrong to lie and steal, to gamble and live immorally? Which one knows the nobility of a pure girl companion? That there is the good no one can doubt, but it does not control public opinion and the moral atmosphere of the community and home as it should. Nothing so depresses a religious worker as contact with a decadent Christianity.

There is a tree—no, it is a parasite that pretends to be a tree—in Mindanao. I believe they call it the Belete. Somehow it stands for a certain medieval system which all true lovers of freedom can well take into account. It starts as an innocent-looking seed dropped in the crotch of some fine fair tree in the big forests of Mindanao. Later on, its little tendrils swinging and glistening in the sunlight add beauty to the tree they feed upon. Growing bigger and bigger they reach down to the roots of the unsuspecting tree or infringe themselves against its bark. Then, having gained the mastery over its benefactor and friend, the Belete reveals its real character in a boa-constrictor-like embrace that stifles the very life out of the tree, and leaves nothing but rottenness within. The end of a Beleted tree is death.

There is a fight on for freedom in the Philippines. Hundreds if not thousands of Filipinos are breaking away from this church system of which no Roman Catholic in America would boast, and seem ready and even eager to hear our simple Pilgrim faith explained. The many, too, that are drifting away into agnosticism and moral depravity offer a real opportunity. And in response to these minaret calls to prayer and moral struggle there is a growing force of young American trained Filipino men and women ready to stand by the missionaries of Cagayan, Surigao and Davao, and to sacrifice themselves for these new ideals of Christ. In truth I

believe there is a response to victory on the part of all who will be governed by their faith rather than by their fears.

The time is coming when we shall have our training institute for men and women in good working order, when Bible schools shall be established in all parts of the Visayan field, when evangelical churches shall dot the land, and when the Filipino peoples, free to know the only true God in the face of Jesus Christ, shall take up the missionary burden in behalf of the Highlander and the Moro, and reach down into other parts of the Island world. Systems come, but systems go, in the march of liberty; while Almighty God and His transforming forces go on forever.

This vision of victory, however, depends upon our fulfilling certain conditions. First we must win the war to discredit everything in life that smacks of medievalism and autocracy, and to give encouragement to the forces of liberty. Then we must win into the light and life of Jesus Christ the women and children of Mindanao. Our three stations (Davao, Cagayan and Surigao) must be strengthened with women workers,—good musicians, neat, attractive in dress, leaders socially, inspiring teachers, God's noblewomen. Other stations must be opened, one along the north-west coast, one at Lake Lanao, one in the great Cotabato region in the south, and others as opportunity offers. The call to prayer is an urgent one. If we do not heed it, who will?



Mount Apo, Highest Mountain in the Philippines
Showing Bagobo Farm in Foreground

A Picture of an Evangelistic Missionary's Activities

There is an active Kumai church at Tottori with whom the missionaries work in great harmony, and it is not easy to separate the work of the Mission and the work of the church. An extract from Miss Coe's station report gives an admirable idea of the year's undertakings, Miss Coe being responsible for much of the work with women and girls which is here mentioned. She writes:—

OUR Christian Woman's Society, always famous for its independence and aggressiveness, kept on with its program this year. This program includes a meeting for servants once a month with an attendance of from twenty to thirty, and talks on various household problems in addition to the devotional hour. An old woman, for years a member of the church but no longer able to get out, or to earn her livelihood, has been cared for. A big bazaar was held in the spring in connection with a city fair, and, while the receipts were not large, there was much good done in the spirit of co-operation it created among the members, and the advertisement it gave Christianity. There was also a concert planned, but not given until the New Year brought us holiday visitors who so kindly gave us of their time and talent. The budget of the Society for the year was something like two hundred and fifty yen. The Bible woman, supported half by the church and half by the mission, has carried a full program of cottage prayer meetings and Bible classes, one of which is with the governor's wife.

The King's Daughters is a meeting for the high school girls. The first of the year it was just at the overgrown, awkward stage, but it is gradually getting control of its hands and earned fifty yen for charity by needlework, and now it bids fair to gain control of its feelings and can carry on its own meetings with a leader and several taking part. During the summer a marked advance began from a house party of ten gathered for a week of Bible study and play. This deepened the spiritual experience of the few Christian members, and brought to all but one of the other members the consciousness of God as a Father to whom one could pray. Immediately the church attendance of the Sunday school class from which these girls came began to improve and has con-

tinued in spite of opposition at home and at school. One braved the ridicule and joined the church, but the others feel that more will be gained by moving slowly. The attendance of this society jumped from a handful to fifty or sixty, if we count the merely curious, but has a genuine nucleus of about thirty. In addition to the weekly afternoon meeting there are two English classes each week, and a cooking class twice a month. These net about ten yen per month toward a much needed woman's building which we have in mind for our first drive.

The Zion Club, in spite of its name, is only a little club of primary school girls who meet once a week for sewing and etiquette lessons. This has continued with an attendance of about twenty.

The English Club and English Bible Class for teachers has pursued the even tenor of its way with a membership of about fifteen who listen very politely to all that is said and goes home each to his own plan of life and way of thinking. The benefit of such a class appears in the difference in the attitude of the schools and the increased attendance of the student classes, for when the teachers are friendly the students can find the courage to walk into a Christian yard.

There has been a small Bible class for telephone and factory operatives, but because of the irregular hours of work it is necessarily an erratic bit of evangelism. However, three of these members look forward to baptism in the new year, and two others have applied but were counselled to wait for a little further preparation.

The kindergarten has suffered somewhat because of the change in two of its teaching staff of three, and in the absence of its principal on furlough. It has also outgrown or worn out its clothes, but in spite of embarrassing efforts carries a reputation for modesty and gentility! The enrollment is always up to the limit of sixty, and more are on the waiting list than can be reached before time comes for them to enter primary school. The mothers' meetings have been supported more heartily. At the last meeting a remark that the roof leaked brought forth a discussion which promises that the mothers will make us a new dress that will fit, as well as being more hygienic. But this belongs to 1918's story.

The one independent church has grown in church attendance

and membership. In co-operation with the Mission they have started a kogisho where there is a Sunday school of eighty, and mid-week preaching services. In another corner of the city one of the Christians has offered his building and the financial backing for work for the poor. Here we have planned to open a playroom and have this grow into another kindergarten as fast as we can find the people to conduct it.

The church has also pledged itself to a three-year campaign for a Sunday school building, and have begun by publishing in the church leaflet the birthdays of the month and calling for a birthday contribution. They also ask the members to fast one meal per week and turn that money into the treasury. But the most radical venture is an English night school, two nights per week, which started off with quite a flourish of sixty students divided into two classes. We had no expectation this would continue so prosperous, but there is still a group of about forty very earnest students left. These come from all classes and ages of society, and sit down together to two hours of English and one of Christian talks. The members of this school have never been inside a church before, perhaps, but they are seen in the regular church services occasionally now.

Our hearts were made glad when the pastor refused a flattering offer to go elsewhere, and we suspect he has refused other suggestions to seek a more lucrative and attractive place.

In looking over the year we feel the interest the people are showing in kindergarten and Sunday school work should be supported right now when the increase in the incomes on account of the war makes it easy to appeal for contributions for much needed buildings. The kindergarten building with a second story added will give opportunity for more efficient work among the women. The night school is subsisting on nothing in the way of equipment, and contributing toward the Sunday school building, which should be planned with an eye to the evangelistic work that could be done for these young men. We want to get the young people of this field, but we cannot teach Christian truths to the children of Totori aristocracy under a roof that leaks a steady stream all along one side, and with a teaching force that is inadequate.

Mrs. Elwood's Missionary Endeavor

By Susan R. Peck

JOHN ELWOOD drew a little nearer the open fire, settled himself comfortably in the easy chair and reached for his evening paper. Instead of the paper his hand touched a magazine still in the wrapper as he had brought it from the office the evening before. He looked across the table at his wife.

"Here's your missionary monthly, Nell," he said; "didn't you see it?"

"Yes," she replied quietly, intent on her fancy work.

"And haven't opened it! I can't believe it. I thought that came first though the skies fell," he said teasingly.

"I shall not read it any more," she replied.

"Not read it any more? Well, why not?" he asked in intense surprise. "Know it all by heart?"

"No, of course not, and you needn't laugh at me," she replied soberly; "but I can't bear it any longer. Everywhere workers are needed, and I can't go; everywhere money is needed and I can give so little. It is too depressing and does me no good nor missions either."

"Well that *is* a reason," he said, laughing, "but not very good business, I should think." Then seriously, "If you controlled all the money of the church, then what?"

"Then *everything*," she said quickly. "Oh, John, just *think* what might be done! *Why* don't people see it?"

"Or suppose every one in the church had your interest," he continued; "what then?"

"Why, just the same," she replied. "I am sure there would be plenty of workers and plenty of money; and overworked missionaries and underworked fields and opportunities lost for lack of money and men would be a thing of the past."

"Well, little woman, we haven't very much money to give, as you say, but did you ever think that if you were to pass your enthusiasm on to some of those who have, it might answer the same purpose?"

For a full minute Mrs. John looked straight into the fire, and then she said slowly: "I wonder if I could? I wonder if I *couldn't*! But oh, John, it is so *big*. How could I begin? Every one is so busy and the work seems so far away."

"To make the unseen seem real, and the distant seem important? That is a proposition, sure enough, and it's up to you, honey; but you can do it. Work it out. You can't do it in a day, but your system will grow. You'll need lots of definite information, though. Don't expect people to have any lasting interest without facts for it to rest on. *Now* will you read your magazine?" he asked with a little smile as he threw the wrapper into the fire and passed her the neglected book.

Never had Helen Elwood read the pages of her old friend with just the same interest as this evening, for now she was reading with a purpose; and though she read of growing work and stand-still equipment, of villages pleading in vain for teachers, of overcrowded schools, of overcrowded and undermanned hospitals in a wide field in China, of stations in need of new buildings, in need of more men, of more women, in need of everything it was without, it was without the catch in the throat and sinking heart, the old feeling of hopelessness and helplessness;—there was now something she could do.

(Mrs. Elwood's Journal)

A NEW ENTERPRISE

VOL. I. CHAPTER I.

January 3.

A new enterprise, sure enough, and I shall give it a journal all by itself, and the first word shall be: May the blessing of God rest upon it. Amen.

I, Helen Elwood, having arrived at years of discretion and being of sound mind and in possession of all my faculties, did last night, for the first time in my life, realize that, without money to give, without the ability to go, I may, aside from prayer, have a definite and important part in the great work of foreign missions. But by a new path, with all the way to learn.

Last evening I spent in reading about the work. Last night I spent hours, when sleep would not come, in prayer, and planning,

but this morning the way seems all confused. I find that I really know so little that I could use to interest others. I have been "just naturally" interested in missions all my life but have never made a real study of the work, nor a single rational, systematic attempt to interest others.

January 17.

The needs of that great field in China have taken the strangest hold upon me. I am eager to know all the details and have been searching the old magazines through and through for them. But I must have more and have written for all the Board can send me. I have been trying to think how I can make it appeal to my friends and have made one or two attempts.

Yesterday Mrs. Preston called. Two years ago she spent some weeks in a hospital and to this day she talks of it with apparently more interest than of any other event in her experience. A mutual friend being there brought the subject up, and as we were talking my mind went back to my hospital, in special need of an American nurse. Might not Mrs. Preston help, and helping, gain an interest in the larger work? Her hospital is noted for its fine Christian management and the superior training given its nurses. "By the way," I said, "do you know of a nurse whom you could recommend for important work, and who would go to China for a term of years, at least?" and I told her all I could of the needs and the requirements. I was surprised at the interest she showed. "I believe I know just the nurse for the place," she exclaimed, "and if you will give me all the information you can obtain, I will write her."

I can scarcely believe that so small an effort has resulted—may result—in so much. Mrs. Preston usually succeeds in what she undertakes, and with her own nurse across the sea her interest and help are assured. It has given me an idea—the importance of the point of contact. Such a varied work must provide just the need to appeal to the special interest or ability of every one.

January 30.

I have been wondering who the missionaries are in my mission in China. Nearly all Americans, I think. Where are their homes

here, and who are their friends? As I was looking them over, the name of the president of a great college seemed familiar. At first I could not place it, and then I thought, "Was not that Mrs. Melvin's maiden name?" She is the wealthiest woman in our church, and her greatest interest is family history. I shall follow this up. It may count.

February 1.

I spent an hour yesterday at Mrs. Melvin's. I told her my wish to learn something of a certain prominent missionary in China of her name, and asked to examine her genealogy for possible information. Sure enough, the name was there, and not only the name but a most appreciative sketch of his life and work. Mrs. Melvin was all interest and in five minutes had traced the relationship and was ready to devour eagerly the illustrated article from his field that I had with me. She plans to write him, asking for a message for a family reunion that is rather a large affair. But before her letter reaches him he will have one from me begging him to make much of this opening to gain a strong friend, or perhaps many friends, for his work.

March 5.

I am trying to introduce the subject of missions naturally into every conversation, usually by an incident suggested by the subject under discussion. Often it passes by without making any apparent impression; sometimes it gives an opening for a long talk and I try to suggest some bit of work in line with my friend's special talent or interest. Occasionally the mere mention of missions calls out vigorous opposition, that quite often proves the result of ignorance. Mrs. Belmont is one. She says she does not believe in sending money abroad. It is needed at home, and she doubts if many cents on a dollar leave the country anyway. I didn't stop to argue the point beyond giving her a few figures, but brought the conversation around to the life of women in the *zenanas* and the opening gained by a missionary who could teach them fancy work. Fancy work and missions! she was interested at once, for she does beautiful embroidery of all kinds and it has seemed her main interest in life. I believe she thought the mis-

sionaries do nothing but preach! She asked more questions than I had ever thought of, not half of which I could answer, and it ended by her bringing out enough materials to stock a store and insisting on my helping her select patterns and canvas and silks and beads to send out to be used by the missionaries, and she has written the Board rooms for the address of some one to whom they will be useful. I am surprised still and am sure she will be when she stops to think.

March 30.

I supposed I was really interested in missions. I do not know just the change but it is growing difficult for me to speak of them casually. I feel that I must do more, that I *must* urge every one to help. It seems so tremendously important that I am really oppressed with it. How can I keep still? And yet I fear to say too much.

I am deep in the fascinating leaflets that have come in response to my request. The most interesting I am passing on to Lily Baxter, who is just recovering from a long illness. She has two devoted brothers and a sister, who read much to her, and her mother tells me that they are all becoming so much interested that her leaflets often have more than one reading that all may enjoy them; and she asks for others.

June 15.

House-cleaning, the last busy weeks of High School for Maude and Harold, and preparation for Commencement, have given journal-writing a place in the background, though not for want of matters of interest.

Mrs. Preston secured her nurse, a splendid woman, strong and sweet and capable and so happy to go. She spent a week here in May and then went on to headquarters to arrange for her going. She has taken with her from Mrs. Preston many modern articles for use in her work, as well as her unbounded interest.

September 18.

A busy, busy summer. In July Mrs. Preston asked the ladies of the church to meet at her house to make bedding for her nurse's

hospital. Then Mrs. Belmont invited the young ladies to help her dress dolls and make some little gifts for Christmas in the children's school of the station where her fancy work materials were sent. After each group had met two or three times they decided to organize as missionary societies, the first our church has ever had!

I seem to have gained the reputation of a missionary workers' employment bureau, for people occasionally ask me what they can do. The latest was Mrs. Rockwell. Her children have all left home but Ralph, and she has a large, lovely home.

"Why not adopt a missionary?" said I. "I met a dear girl a few weeks ago spending her furlough 'at home,' as she calls America, though she has no real home here and only distant relatives." The idea seemed to please her, and she is making a real home for her and giving her quite a daughter's place. I shall not be surprised if Ralph makes the relationship a reality and goes back with her to her work.

One evening I was seated by Judge Williston at a church supper. We have been friends since my mud-pie days, when he would stop even on his way to the train to buy my wares.

"Well, Nellie," he laughed, "what now? Still founding orphan asylums?" (I had told Mrs. Williston of the great need for such a home in a certain station. They have lost their own children and I hoped this might appeal to them.)

"Indeed I am," I replied, "or should be if I could. Think of the opportunity it gives the missionaries as well as the help to the children."

"You *could* use a few hundred dollars then? Well, we'll see." I know his way so well that I was not surprised when a few days later Mrs. Williston brought me a generous check for an orphanage, in memory of one of their own children, and I feel sure that this is but a beginning.

October 5.

Such a surprise came to me last week when I received a call from the president of our ladies' district missionary society. "We have you down on our program," she said, "for an address at our convention in November, on 'Foreign Mission Work at home.'"

"An address!" I exclaimed. "I couldn't; indeed I could not. I never made an address in my life."

"Well, we won't call it an address, then," she said; "but this church has never done anything to speak of for missions until recently, and now it is coming into the very front rank. Just tell us how you did it."

"How *I* did it," I said. "Why, I haven't done anything but talk it up. It was just one at a time. There is nothing for a public address; it was too personal."

"Well," she said, "think you are talking to 'one at a time.' Just talk to us as you would to one woman alone."

I couldn't seem to make any headway with my refusal, she was so insistent, and when she left I found myself committed. I am sure John wants to tease me about it, but he knows how much the work means to me, and I think he is not quite willing to acknowledge how much it means to him, too, of late. And then he is really responsible for it, too.

Yesterday our pastor made his annual call upon us. That "annual call" is rather a joke, for he runs in once a week at least; but he insists on considering this a special call, this one in October when he visits every home in the church. "My greatest encouragement and subject for thanksgiving this year," he said, "is your work for missions. With the awakening in this direction every other part of the work has shown new life. I am receiving congratulations on our splendid missionary contributions, but I always say that the credit belongs, under God, to one little woman who less than a year ago was ready, from very discouragement, to give up even reading about the work."

Go Forward

"Is this the time, O Church of Christ, to sound	"Enlarge Thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap and blunt	And to thy Kingdom come for such a time!
The men and women who have borne the brunt	The earth with all its fulness is the Lord's;
Of truth's fierce strife and nobly held their grounds?	Great things attempt for Him, great things expect!
No! Rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords.	Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime."

Board of the Pacific

President, MRS. E. A. EVANS

Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER

Headquarters, 417 Market Street, San Francisco

It was a delightful service we once rendered when we carefully planned a letter a day for the missionary starting on her first venture over the great Pacific. But the new order of the strange times upon which we have come has turned the service into a burden. "Thirty-seven letters? and all to be censored!" exclaimed a new worker for China. And then she went on to say she would be obliged to take two precious hours of the last night on shore with her friends, and run through the stack, make notes, and then destroy. The censor finds himself confronted with various new tasks, all records of the victrola must be tried out, all note-books and missives closely scanned, cameras and various other things must be declared, until the new missionary wishes she could swing out with no more baggage than is allowed the young men in khaki.

Among those who were entertained at luncheon in San Francisco before the August sailing were Mr. and Mrs. Bennett of Tottori, Dr. Galt of Tunghsien, China, Miss Waterhouse, Miss Thomas, Miss Fox; and also Miss Patterson, going from the Los Angeles Normal School to teach in the school for English-speaking children in Peking.

A
Farewell.

American Doctor Opens the Peking-Shanghai Railroad

TRAVELERS landing in Shanghai and expecting to take the train there for Peking were not pleased last spring to find that the road was closed at Nanking, a few miles out of Shanghai, because of the pneumonic plague which had worked its way down from Mongolia and had broken out so fiercely in Nanking that the authorities had completely stopped all railroad traffic, not even mail service being excepted.

One of the American Board's India staff, Rev. Alden H. Clark

of Ahmednagar, was on his way to America on furlough. He reached Shanghai just in time to encounter this unpleasant situation, and he tells what happened.

He consulted Dr. Stanley, health commissioner of Shanghai and a famous physician in China. Dr. Stanley was in close touch with the Nanking situation and saw no hopes of sufficient improvement to warrant resumption of rail service for many weeks to come. Dr. Clark almost gave up going to Peking.

Next day after his interview with Commissioner Stanley it was rumored that a train would start for Peking within twenty-four hours. He says:—

“We did not really believe it till we were actually seated in the train. We spent a lot of time in speculating as to what new force had been brought to bear great enough to get the plague under control in that Chinese city of vast area and inefficient government.

“The answer to all our questions was on the Nanking station platform when we came in, though we did not know it at the time. We saw a brisk, business-like, virile American talking with a group of Chinese who evidently had the greatest respect for him. They said good-by with many signs of appreciation and he boarded the train.

“A little later I met him in the corridor and discovered that he was Dr. Francis F. Tucker of the American Hospital at Tehchow. He had been one of a party of doctors who had some weeks before driven pneumonic plague almost entirely out of the northern provinces of China. In that campaign he had been sent to a most difficult place and had done so well there that he had attracted the especial attention of the Chinese Government at Peking. So, when the plague grew to threatening proportions in Nanking the Government telegraphed to Dr. Tucker asking him to go down to do what he could to meet it. He had been away from his own work at Tehchow so long and found so much that demanded his attention there that he hesitated to leave, but when he had received urgent wires from Government, reinforced by one from an American doctor who knew the situation in Nanking, he saw his duty and went at once.

“At Nanking the Chinese sanitary authorities were refusing all

aid from American or British doctors, yet they were themselves doing nothing at all adequate to meet the situation. Dr. Tucker went at once to the governor of the province. From his experience in the North he was able to give him a strong assurance that if adequate measures were immediately taken the deadly ravages of this terrible scourge could be quickly stayed.

"It took a good deal of tact to get things started, but the seriousness of the plague situation had become so great that the Governor accepted Dr. Tucker's recommendation. The city was divided into districts, and a foreign doctor was associated with a Chinese officer over each district. Dr. Tucker himself had an advisory position in relation with the campaign.

"A few days of strenuous effort followed—days of true American efficiency. Every district was patrolled and every suspected case of plague was immediately taken in hand. The result sounds incredible, and I do not know that I could believe it if I hadn't had the most tangible proof that it took place. *In less than a week* from the time this campaign opened the plague was stamped out in the great city of Nanking and communication between the North and Shanghai was restored.

"The officials urged Dr. Tucker to put in a big bill, but neither he nor the other foreign doctors would accept more than the trifling expenses incurred for their conveyance. The Governor wanted to give a great banquet to Dr. Tucker, but things urgently demanded his attention at Tehchow and Dr. Tucker begged to be excused.

"It would be difficult to calculate in money what this little bit of missionary service was worth to China. She could well afford to pay Dr. Tucker's modest missionary salary for many years, for the week he spent in Nanking. But more important than the very tangible result achieved was the example which he and his associates set of clean, devoted, efficient public service, rendered in the name and in the spirit of the Master whom they serve."

"Personal consecration for personal service is a conception of living that grows more and more attractive to a multitude of our finest minds."—*Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.*

Field Correspondents

Miss Adelaide Daughaday of Sapporo, Japan, sends the following incident:—

Captain Hardy, survivor of the Perry Expedition to Japan sixty-four years ago, is doing a good and unique work in his numerous addresses in many cities. The Japanese received him with open arms when he arrived last year, and he has had so many kindnesses showered upon him that the heart of the old mariner has opened like a flower to the sun. He says to the boys of the many schools he addresses, "You call me your grandfather, and indeed I do love you as a grandfather, so let me speak very plainly to you.

"Sixty-four years ago there were none of these big ships and great buildings, automobiles and bicycles; you have been growing so wonderfully that it almost turns my head. But let me tell you, you are growing only in a one-sided way. Your temples are crowded just as they used to be, and I even see many men in foreign clothes, looking like cultured people, kneeling to idols of wood and stone that you Japanese people have made, clapping their hands and pulling bell-ropes to attract the attention of these idols and praying to them just as I saw them years ago. How long are you to do this? When are you people going to develop spiritually?" They will bear these things from this bluff, uneducated, eighty-three-year-old sailor, but they would not from any one else. The Emperor and Empress had the surprise of their lives at a recent garden party when as a mark of great condescension they extended their hands to him to be lightly touched with great reverence, but the simple-hearted old man grasped them vigorously and shook them in true sailor fashion for several minutes!

Miss Frances K. Bement writes of recent Bible Classes in the Shaowu Mission, Foochow:—

Four days from here where no missionary has ever lived we have over twenty women who can read the Bible anywhere from Matthew to Revelation, or Psalms, or where you choose, and many can read the best portions, all over this big field.

And seventy-five of my girls have gone out as Christian teachers the past ten years and now they have over five hundred girls in over forty centers learning the language of heaven and are daily praising His wonderful name. We had such a good Bible conference. My girls sat radiant while Pastor Hu of your Tien an Dong church taught them Matthew i. and ii. and some other lessons. Our Bible classes are better than ever before. Miss Funk has been out holding classes ten weeks this term and Miss Walker and I about ten weeks more, making twenty in all, and it all counts.

Miss Elsie Garretson writes from Foochow:—

Practically I have started Bible class courses in every one of the five churches of this suburb station (I do not work in the city). The women at Geu Cio-dong and at Sanglo respond more cordially to the plan and so are much ahead of the others. Many make excuses of no time, and indeed many of them are very poor and obliged to eke out their living by any kind of work they can get to do. Some make chopsticks, some do housework, wash floors and carry water, some pick the tea leaves, and some still work in the shops where idol-paper is made because they have never been taught anything else and must help in these shops or starve to death. The three missions in Foochow are certainly on the right track in starting the Homes Industrial plant, where hundreds of children can be taught useful trades.

Already I see good results from our Bible classes for church members in the homes. One is that the Bible women who help teach these women have definite Bible teaching to impart and there is less of rambling talk which amounts to nothing, as they go from house to house, for in order to have the women prepared to come to the classes a good deal of work must be done in house visitations. Another good result is that the women church members who take the Bible Study course attend church more regularly and seem to be waking up to feel responsibility of doing personal work in soul-saving.

We just closed a three days' evangelistic meeting at Geu Cio-dong last week, in which sixty unconverted women signed cards

indicating their willingness to be taught Christian truth. Many may go back, but we hope some will go on to true conversion. The most promising thing in it all to me is that every one of these sixty was led to these meetings by some Christian woman who has promised to keep up the habit of prayer and personal work for that particular woman until she has led her to Christ. These meetings grew out, or rather are the result, of the Buchman meetings last winter in which so many Christians were led to confession of sin.

Besides these Bible study classes I have a school of one-half day each week-day except Saturdays for any young married women who can leave home for three hours to come for special study. Some large unmarried girls who have never before attended school also attend, and thus my work makes a connecting link between the women who never have read and the Elementary Woman's School, or what we call the Chu-deng Grade School.

Miss Mary Andrews writes from Hsi Ling where she was spending the vacation period with Miss Chapin:—

June 12 was the fiftieth anniversary of my first reaching Tunghsien, and my friends—both Chinese and missionary—made much of it. The three days, tenth to twelfth, were a real ovation. So many loving, appreciative words were spoken, so many thanksgivings offered for the work I had been able to do—together with some really valuable gifts,—it all made me feel very unworthy of but very thankful for all the love and especially very grateful to the Lord for the years of opportunity for work for Him and for the people of China whom I love.

Rev. F. E. Jeffery writes from Arrupukottai, Madura:—

India has awakened! A small part of educated Brahmans began that clamor for Home Rule. Non-Brahmans became terrified and insisted that Home Rule meant nothing else than Brahman Rule. If Home Rule is to be adopted, the educated men will become the rulers. This has stirred the Non-Brahmans and they are demanding schools everywhere and as never before! Though the opportunities have been great in the past, there never has been such an opportunity as now. Government is taking advantage of it. This is why we are having this great educational increase in its budget, even in the midst of this awful war.

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

A Together Adventure

This is to be a notable season in *ensemble* operations within the Congregational fold. The National Council itself stands back of the Big Idea. The plans for executing it have been launched. At this moment there lies upon the desk of many a pastor east and west, north and south, a full set of leaflets which suggest methods for the preliminary campaign of education in September, October and November, and for the climax, the nation-wide Every Member Canvass, on Sunday afternoon, December 8.

In the hands of all women who lead missionary societies should be placed the leaflet regarding Woman's Work which instructs as to their place in the campaign and the relation of their own financial plans to the great canvass. Be sure to send for this leaflet at once, if you have not seen it, addressing *The National Council, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.*

We would call special attention to three points relating to this Congregational Drive.

1. *For full success the plan must have full cooperation.*

It is essentially a cooperative scheme designed to open before all the people a vision of the Church's great opportunity for service, and then, when the vision has made its appeal, to give every man, woman and child a chance to respond.

Do not be afraid to trust your missionary society to the fortunes of this adventure. Graciously lend its influence to the pastor if he tries to swing the whole church into line. Note that the educational efforts will tend to react beneficially on your members, and may indeed if followed up result in bringing you new members. The present structure of a church in organized form is not to be disturbed; indeed every organization ought to be toned up thereby.

Read carefully the various suggestions as to the woman's part and lead your women to the translation of these words into deeds.

2. *Money pledged to the Woman's Board on the day of the canvass, December 8, where it is collected should be handled as you regularly have handled it in your own treasury, and should pass to your Branch treasurer.*

The church treasurer should recognize that your Branch carries definite responsibilities and looks to your auxiliary for a certain share in the total amount sought.

If you join in this united effort to secure the pledges for missions and local expenses, then you will perhaps relinquish for 1919 some other method which you have formerly pursued, but it is hoped that the result will be just as favorable for your society. Many are expecting the amounts raised to be even greater than heretofore.

If, however, pledges for the Woman's Board aggregate *less* than you have been giving, you are at liberty to take steps to bring the sum up to the standard in 1919.

Observe that Thank Offerings and Lenten gifts are encouraged. In many Branches these offerings add materially to the missionary resources.

Some of our organizations are so carried on that their leaders do not see how they can cooperate in the canvass. *There must always be exceptions.* In any case there can be cooperation of educational efforts, and sympathetic understanding of the situation which seems to bar out further united effort.

3. *The Stewardship feature of this campaign should find in our missionary women some of its most ardent supporters.*

Your pastor may preach an illuminating sermon on "Stewardship" this fall—certainly if you ask him to do so. Ask him to give it to you in the New Testament spirit and not in the Old Testament letter of tithing. It is a great moment for all of us to rethink the principle upon which our giving rests.

Another denomination has felt this impulse and, like our own, is urging its constituency to turn from careless, unreasoned giving to a thoughtful, proportionate adjustment of income.

A leading feature of the advance campaign in the Woman's Board which we call the Conquest Program is this same principle of stewardship. As expressed in the Pilgrim Covenant card issued by the National Council for use in the campaign, it reads,—

Recognizing that all I am and all I have come from God, I solemnly agree with Him faithfully to set aside a definite proportion of my income to be regularly paid to such religious benevolent agencies as I may elect.

Can you not distribute these cards among your members and urge their signing? Help the Woman's Board to show loyalty to its denominational plans.

M. L. D.

Our Book Table

The Call of a World Task in War Time. By J. Lovell Murray. Published by the Student Volunteer Movement, New York. Pp. 214. Price .50.

In the preface to this volume the author, who is Educational Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, states that it was with much reluctance that he consented to prepare "within the brief compass of a month a book on so immense and important a subject." His reluctance was certainly justified, especially as the work is designed to serve as a text-book for a course of study "interpreting the present world situation in terms of missionary responsibility" to be followed by groups of students all over the United States and Canada. Under the difficulties confronting him Mr. Murray has done a remarkably good piece of work. He considers the "Call" under six headings: For Reality in Religious Life; for a Christian Internationalism; that of Opening Doors, of Present Need; for a Program in the Church and a Full Mobilization of Christian Forces. Necessarily many of his statements are sweeping, sometimes inconsistent; and one cannot always endorse his conclusions. He has, however, genuine eloquence and feeling and uses many striking illustrations. Perhaps the chapter on the world's present need is most effectively written, as, indeed, it not unnaturally would be. A series of topics and questions for discussion, a group of prayers and various helpful suggestions for use of the book are included.

F. S. F.

Fifty-first Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions

The fifty-first annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held by invitation of the New York Branch with the Plymouth Church, Syracuse, N.Y., November 13-15. All regularly accredited Branch delegates and all women missionaries of the American Board and Woman's Boards will be entitled to hospitality from Tuesday night until Friday noon. Application for entertainment should be sent to Mrs. J. H. MacConnell, 223 McLennan Avenue, Syracuse, N.Y., before October 10.

Special sessions to consider the needs of the treasury during these years of war and to promote the ongoing of the Conquest Program are being carefully planned. There will be a supper for young people with an interesting program and it is hoped that a Commission Service may be one feature of the meeting.

Women Workers of the Orient

THE WAGE EARNERS

Outline for Chapter II

In Moslem Lands.

- Rug Making and Silk Culture:*
Childhood in the Moslem World,
p. 109.
Turkey and its People, p. 56.
(A.B.C.F.M.)
Farming and Industrial Work:
Persian Life and Customs, p. 268.
Home Life in Turkey, p. 67.

In India.

- The Coolie and Village Woman:*
A Vision of India, p. 324.
India (Griffin), pp. 64, 100.
The Nautch Girl:
Wrongs of Indian Womanhood, p.
126.
The Kingdom in India, p. 151.

In China.

- The Coolie and Village Woman:*
Women of the Middle Kingdom, p.
33.
The Middle Kingdom, II, 1.
Weaving in Homes and Cities:
Village Life in China, p. 276.
Mission Problems, p. 130.

In Japan.

- Working Women of Japan:*
Christian Movement in the Japan-
ese Empire:
1915: P. 85 P. 313
1916: P. 278
1917: P. 279
The Geisha Girl:
Japanese Girls and Women.
Working Women of Japan.

NOTE.—These books may be obtained from the Loan Library of the W. B. M. by those living in our territory. Time limit two weeks; rates, postage each way.

A fuller program outline will be supplied by Miss Mary L. Daniels, the Board's librarian, on application.—*The Editor.*

For list of books see page 3 of cover.

Junior Department

WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE?

The spirit manifested at various missionary conferences this summer made one great fact clear to all who came in contact with that spirit,—that our young people, especially between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, are this year, as never before perhaps, ready and eager to understand the missionary cause and the needs of this old world. More than that, they are already in so sympathetic a frame of mind that they require only greater intelligence to make them wish to aid that cause to the utmost. The responsibility which that lays upon the church and upon the missionary societies and lookouts is at once clear, of course, for it is “up to” us to provide the missionary education which shall *make* them intelligent. Sadly enough, this is the very group which in the past we have been prone to neglect. We have had active and interested children’s societies and Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, and we have had enthusiastic, well-organized groups of young women, but in the years from fourteen to eighteen has come the one great gap where our boys and girls have had a chance to lose the missionary interest which was theirs as Juniors and in many cases to drift away beyond the reach of those who sought to interest them in societies for older young people.

The Christian Endeavor Society, or, in some churches, the Young People’s Society, has aimed to provide missionary instruction by assigning missionary topics and providing helps for the using of those topics. The great weakness of this system has been that these topics were almost entirely unrelated to each other and to the interdenominational missionary educational plans for the year. A lukewarm interest on the part of our young people has often resulted from this very desultory instruction and interviews between leaders and young people at conferences the past two years have shown that the societies would welcome more systematic helps and more definite and well-rounded educational plans.

As a result a long advance step is to be taken this year in the relating of the Christian Endeavor missionary topics to the plan

for this year's study, "Christianity and the World's Workers." In our denomination, helps on these topics will be found in the young people's column of *The Congregationalist* several weeks in advance of each missionary meeting. These suggestions for the program are to be prepared by the Missionary Education Department of the Congregational Educational Society in cooperation with the American Board, Woman's Board of Missions and the Home Missionary Societies, and will take the place of the pamphlet usually published for the purpose. The Young People's Secretary of the Woman's Board will be glad to help any program committees who wish to plan other programs and will send supplementary material upon request.

The Junior Lookout appointed by the Woman's Society to further missionary education in the church may be of great assistance to the young people. It is hers to put the missionary committee in touch with the Young People's Secretary of Branch or Board whenever she thinks that direct contact would be helpful. It is hers to give publicity to the plans outlined above by calling them to the attention of the committee. She can co-operate by placing in the hands of the officers new missionary material which from time to time comes to her notice and might escape theirs. Above all, she should make herself intelligent regarding the financial aims of the Young People's Societies and about the Young People's Missionary, Miss Mary McClure, whose support is being raised by the young men and young women. She should by all means send for, if she has not received it, the flier called *Missionary Activity for the Young People's Society in a War Year*, to read it herself and to place it in the hands of the missionary committee or Christian Endeavor president. She can in many ways co-operate to give the young people of her church a vision of the great task and the overwhelming need, especially just now, of their intelligent service.

NOTE. For the rest of this discussion, taking up the problem of "Teen-Age Girl and the problem of Leadership, see the November LIFE AND LIGHT.

Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts August 1-31, 1918

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, Treasurer

Friend through Dr. Gurubai Karmarker,	100 00	
MAINE		
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland, Emergency, 100; Madison, C. E. Soc., 5; Otisfield, Aux., 2; Portland, West Ch., Aux., 7; Skowhegan, Aux., 11.25; South Berwick, Aux., 58.27; Waterford, Aux., 24.53; Waterville, Aux., 40; West Auburn, Ch., 3; Westbrook, Aux., 4.26,	255 31	
NEW HAMPSHIRE		
Friend,	54 31	
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Alstead, First Ch., 1.98; Barrington, Aux., 10; Bath, Aux., 11.14; Bennington, Aux., 11; Gilsom, Orthodox Ch., W. F. M. S., 6; Goffstown, Jr. M. B., 10; Goshen, Ch., 1.35; Hookset, Ch., 5; Keene, Court St. Ch., Ladies' F. M. S., 28.05; Lee, Aux., 5; Mason, Aux., 9; Mont Vernon, Aux., 13.50; Nashua, Miss. Outlook Soc., 33; Newport, Newport Workers, Mrs. Gile, 5; North Hampton, Aux., 24.50; Plaistow and North Haverhill, Ch., 5.22; Portsmouth, North Ch., Aux., 123; West Stewartstown, Ch., 1.92,	304 66	
Total,	358 97	
VERMONT		
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Miss Mary E. Manley, Treas., Pittsford. Int. Harriet Newell Thompson Fund, 45; Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., 25, Mrs. G. G. Benedict, 12.50; Chelsea, Aux., 15; Chester, Aux., 25; Cornwall, Aux., 23.20; Dorset, C. I. C., 6; Hartford, Aux., 18.93; Milton, Aux., 15.41; Peacham, Aux., 35; Pittsfield, Aux., 3; Pittsford, Aux., Anna A. W. Boardman Fund, 60; St. Albans, Aux., 48.50, C. R., 1.50, King's Messengers, 1.50; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., S. S., 20, South Ch., Aux., 53.40; Windham, Aux., 10.35; Woodstock, Aux., 15,	434 29	
MASSACHUSETTS		
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. Henry A. Smith, Treas., 42 Mansur St., Lowell. Lawrence, South Ch., 14.70; Wakefield, Mrs. Harry Foster, 1; Winchester, First Ch., Aux., 34,	49 70	
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Otis, Ch., Rev. James Richmond,	1 18	
<i>Brookline.</i> —Mrs. George A. Hall,	175 00	
<i>Cambridge.</i> —Friend (to const. L. M. Miss Edith Wilkey), 25; Mr. John C. B. Moore, 50,	75 00	
<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Leonard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Haverhill, Centre Ch., Aux., 6.50, Riverside Ch., Pollyanna Club, 15; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., Belleville Bankers, 1, C. E. Soc., 2.50; West Newbury, First Ch., Aux., 15,	40 00	
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Mrs. B. LeC. Spurr, Treas., 72 Elm St., West Lynn. Beverly, Washington St. Ch., Prim. S. S., 2.50; Lynn, Central Ch., 15.02,	17 52	
<i>Hampshire County Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Easthampton, First Ch., Aux., 20; Greenwich, Ch., 5.02; Hadley, North, M. C., 1; Hatfield, Aux., 6; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Friend, 50, Two Friends, 10, First Ch., Miss Porter, 1.50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Westhampton, Miss Bridgman, 1.50,	96 02	
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frederick L. Claflin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Friend,	1 00	
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Friend, 25; Abington, First Ch., 23.23; Easton, Aux., 19.50; Stoughton, Aux., 10, C. R., 6, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Wollaston, Park & Downs Ch., Aux., 41.25,	126 98	
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. North Leominster, Aux., 30; Pepperell, Aux., 50; Shirley, Aux., 31,	111 00	
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. Fairhaven, Mrs. Arms' S. S. Cl., O. J. S., 1.40; New Bedford, North Ch., S. S., 10; Taunton, Trinitarian Ch., 48.75,	60 15	
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Blandford, Rev. Irving H. Childs, 7.50; Chicopee, First Ch., Aux., 12; C. E. Soc., 5, S. S., Prim. Dept., 3.50; Holyoke, Second Ch., Women's Guild (Mrs. Charles A. Prouty in mem. of her daughter, Miss Ella Prouty, 200), 700; Springfield, Faith Ch., Gamma Sigma Soc., 5, Mayflower League, Juniors, 3, Kinder, 25 cts., C. R., 25 cts., First Ch., Gleaners, 10, South Ch., Woman's Guild, 150; Three Rivers, Union Evang'l Ch., C. E. Soc., 15,	911 50	
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon St., Coolidge Corner Branch, Boston. In mem. of Mrs. Henry A. Wood, 5; Boston, Union Ch., Aux., 25; Cambridge, Mrs. Laura S. Livers,		

20; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Little Helpers Kinder., 89 cts.; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 50; Wal- pole, Miss. Union, 60; Waverley, First Ch., 14.84,	175 73
<i>Worcester.</i> —Mrs. L. W. Murdock,	25 00
<i>Worcester County Branch.</i> —Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. Athol, Evang'l Ch., 52.50; Grafton, Mrs. Evarts Kent, 10; Rutland, Aux., 25; Spencer, Miss. Club, 50,	137 50
Total,	2,003 28

RHODE ISLAND

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Barrington, Sun- shine Band, 13; Central Falls, Jr. Aux., 30; East Providence, New- man Ch., Helping Hand Soc., 22; Peace Dale, C. R., 13.72; Provi- dence, Mrs. Ada M. Murray, 3,	81 72
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CONNECTICUT

<i>Eastern Connecticut Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Int. Martha S. Harris Fund, 100; Int. Eliza Freeman Woodward Fund, 10; Ashford, Ladies, 5.50; Canter- bury, First Ch., 5,	120 50
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 90; Collinsville, Aux., Miss Mary L. Atwater, 5; East Wind- sor, C. R., 8.36; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Mrs. Herbert S. Bullard, 5, Mrs. L. R. Cheney, 10, Miss Susan G. Clark, 25, Center Ch., 55, Mrs. James Pratt, 5, Fourth Ch., Mrs. Fannie R. Young, 5, Immanuel Ch., Mrs. B. W. Love- land, 5, Mrs. H. H. Merrill, 2, Mrs. W. P. Roberts, 1; Kensing- ton, Aux., 20, Mrs. Cowles, 5; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 10; Newington, Miss Agnes W. Belden, 20, Miss Julia M. Belden, 10; Plainville, Mrs. H. A. F., 5, Mrs. J. C. Pratt, 1; Plantsville, 17.50; Poquonock, Aux., 50, C. E. Soc., 7, C. R., 5, Y. W. Ever Ready Cir., 5, Stand By Cl., 3; Suffield, Ch., Miss Edna Mason, 10; Tal- cottville, Aux., Miss Bacon, 50, Miss Kingsbury, 25; West Suffield, Ch., 4; Windsor Locks, Mrs. Etta Chaffee, 10, Mrs. Sara M. Morse, 10,	483 86
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. New Haven. Ply- mouth Ch., 100; Northfield, Ch., 5.59, S. S., 1.20,	106 79
Total,	711 15

NEW YORK

<i>Brooklyn.</i> —Friends through Miss Emily C. Wheeler,	40 00
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46 South	

Oxford St., Brooklyn. Bedford Park, C. R., 5; Binghamton, East Side Ch., Miss. Union, 5; Bridge- water, C. E. Soc., 25; Bright- waters, Mrs. M. C. Vinton, 10; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Maria E. Davis Fund, 125, Y. P. Assoc., 10, Lewis Ave. Ch., Mrs. Walter McDougall, 125, S. S., 30, Ch. of the Nazarene, W. M. S., 15, Park Slope Ch., Woman's Soc., 14, Parkville Ch., Fidelitas Cir., 5, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Woman's Union, 50, Willoughby Ave. Ch., S. S., Home Dept., 7.26; Buffalo, Fitch Mem. Ch., Aux., 10, Juniors, 13, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Soc., 8; Carthage, Aux., 14; East Bloomfield, Aux., 26, S. S., 20.47; East Rockaway, Bethany Ch., 5; Flushing, First Ch., 58.91; Frank- lin, Jr. Soc., 3; Hall, Woman's Assoc., 10; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, Boys' and Girls' M. C., 3.60, Forest Ave. Ch., Aux., 10, North Ch., Jubilee Soc., 10, Pilgrim Ch., Y. W. Guild, 5; North Bangor, W. M. S., 11.17; Pulaski, W. M. S., 13.50; S. S., 25; Redding, Conn., Forward, 118; Salamanca, W. M. S., 10; South Bangor, W. M. S., 2.67; Suffolk Assoc., 10; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Ladies' Union, 17.50; Wal- ton, First Ch., C. R., 5.35,	836 43
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Total, 876 43

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C., D. C., Washington, Mrs. Carleton R. Ball, 3, Addie Powers Farrington, 5,	8 00
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SOUTHEAST BRANCH

<i>Southeast Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. E. En- low, Treas., Arch Creek, Fla. Ga., Atlanta, Central Ch., Ladies' Union,	12 50
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OHIO

<i>Columbus.</i> —Miss Myrtle O. Shane,	5 00
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KANSAS

<i>Lawrence.</i> —Christian Ch., Aux.,	5 00
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CALIFORNIA

<i>Manhattan Beach.</i> —S. S.,	10 00
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HAWAII

<i>Honolulu.</i> —Mrs. Theodore Richards,	100 00
Donations,	3,861 45
Buildings,	800 00
Specials,	300 20

Total, 4,961 65

TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1917, TO AUGUST
31, 1918

Donations,	118,771 84
Buildings,	23,475 83
Extra gifts for 1918,	16,509 38
Specials,	2,968 66
Legacies,	12,767 85

Total, 174,493 56

Women Workers of the Orient

Helps Suggested for Program Makers

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Western Women in Eastern Lands. Montgomery.
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Students of Asia. Eddy.
Christian Education.
Educational Missions. Barton.
Comrades in Service. Burton.
Woman in Missions. Wherry.
Into All the World. Wells.
Missions and Social Progress. Lindsay.
The Child in the Midst. Larabee.

JAPAN

Education of Women in Japan. Burton.
Handbook of Modern Japan. Clement.
Dux Christus. Griffis.
The King's Highway. Montgomery.
Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire.

MOSLEM LANDS

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Held by His Hands. Proctor.
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Modern Movements Among the Moslems. Wilson.

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Lilavati Singh. Nichols.
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Life of Pandita Ramabai. Dyer.
Life of Chundra Lela. Lee.
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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF AMERICA
Takes Place on Sunday, December 8th,

From 2 to 5 o'clock,

Led by Sixty Thousand Trained Volunteers.

This is a **SIMULTANEOUS CANVASS** in **ALL OUR CHURCHES** to secure from **EVERY CONGREGATIONALIST**, for the year 1919, **SUBSCRIPTIONS** for **BENEVOLENCE** and for **LOCAL CHURCH SUPPORT**.

This greatest concerted movement of our denomination seeks to promote—

I. EFFICIENCY IN OUR WORK:

Attempting a thorough organization and massing of all our forces in doing a great thing together.

II. DEVOTION TO OUR IDEALS:

Calling for prayerful study of our Democratic Duties and the world's great needs—

(a) Through Discussion Clubs in all churches, formed October 1st.

(b) Through platform presentation on Sundays.

III. GENEROUS AND AMPLE GIVING:

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(b) By raising the sum of at least 16 millions of dollars.
12 millions for the local work of our churches.
4 millions for our missionary obligations.

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Enlist Your Friends.

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